THE BOON'S LICK TIMES.

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NATURE.

Ask of the ocean waves that burst
In music on the strand—
Whose murmurs load the scented breeze
That fans the Summer land;
Why is their harmony abroad—
Their cadence in the sky,
That glitters in the smile of God
In mystery on high!

Question the cataract's boiling tide,
Down sloping from above—
Why its proud billows, far and wide
In stormy thunders move!
It is that in their hollow voice
A tone of praise is given,
Which bids the fainting heart rejoice
And trust THE MIGHT OF HEAVEN!

And ask the tribes whose matin song
Melts on the dewy air,
Why, like a stream that steals along,
Flow forth their praises there!
Why, when the veil of eve comes down,
With all its starry hours,
The night-bird's melancholy lay
Rings from her solemn bowers!

It is some might of love within,
Some impulse from on high,
That bids the matin song begin—
Or fills the evening sky
With gentle echoes all its own—
With sounds, that on the ear
Fall, like the voice of kindred gone,
Cut off in Youth's career!

Ask of the gales that sweep abroad,
When sunset's fiery wall
Is crowned with many a painted cloud—
A gorgeous coronal—
Ask why their wings are trembling then
O'er Nature's sounding lyre,
While the far occidental hills
Are bathed in golden fire!

Oh! shall the wide world raise the song
Of peace, and joy, and love,
And shall man's heart not bid his tongue
In voiceful praises move!
Shall the old forest, and the wave,
When summon'd by the breeze,
Yield a sweet flow of solemn praise,
And MAN have less than these?

THE CASTILIAN CAPTIVE.

The thunders of Achmet Pacha's artillery ceased to shake the towers of Temeswar, which the rebel Suli Bey had long held out against the Porte. The fortune of the day had been decided by a fall on the part of the fortifications; and the young and fiery General of the Sultan's troops, bearing down all opposition, made himself master of the fortress; and pursued Suli Bey into his harem, whither in despair he had taken refuge.

The helpless and affrighted females crowded around their master with loud cries for protection, when they saw the hitherto inviolate portals of their apartments burst open by the fierce Achmet.—The wretched Suli Bey, prostrating himself on the ground, buried his face in his garments, and awaited his fate in silence.

Achmet, whose first intention had been to plant his foot on his body, and strike off his head, felt his arm arrested in spite of himself, by a glance of a dark-eyed slave. The silent language in which the emotions of the soul are conveyed, is understood by all, and Achmet read in the eyes of Castillia such horror and detestation of the deed he was about to perform, that although he would not own to himself that her opinion was of the slightest importance, he suffered that look to change his purpose, and instead of becoming himself the executioner of Suli Bey he beckoned his mutes to perform his will upon him.

The awful silence that followed this transaction was succeeded by the frantic outcries of the ladies of the harem, who full of terror for their own safety, hastened to implore the mercy of their new lord. Achmet condescended to return his scymetar to its sheath, and assured them of their security. No sooner did they perceive his gracious demeanor, than they began to address him with the most highflown terms of flattery, and each strove by every possible wile to attract his attention.

Achmet could not help being struck by the contrast Castamilla presented, who stood proudly aloof with two of her country-women. The haughty conqueror felt mortified that the fair Castilian did not join in the homage paid him by the other ladies, whom by the superior richness of their dresses, he perceived had been considered as her superiors in the estimation of Suli Bey.

"Slave," said he, approaching her, "wherefore is it that you have not joined with your companions in paying your duty to me!"

"Because I owe you none," answered Camilla.

"Dare you thus reply to the conquerer of Temeswar? Do you not know that your very existence is in my hands!"

"I am aware of it," replied Camilla, raising a pair of radiant dark eyes to his face.

"Then why do you not fall at my feet and ask your life!"

"It is not worth the trouble."

"You are a daughter of Frangistan, as I perceive by your spirit?"

"I am."

"And a Christian?"

Camilla made a sign of the cross. Achmet spit on the ground.

"It must be confessed," said Camilla, reddening indignantly, "that you Turks are the most disgusting people under the sun."

"Slave!" cried Achmet, "if your anger did not become you so well, I would command my black eunuch Puffim to chastise you for your insolence."

"And even if you were to commit such an outrage, I could hardly think worse of you than I do at present," returned Camilla bursting into tears.

"What is that you think of me?" asked the Pacha.

"That you are an unmanly ruffian, whom I hate, but do not fear!" replied the fair Castilian, her eyes flashing through her tears as she spoke.

Achmet knew not how to answer the beautiful vixen. To conceal his perplexity, he turned to Antonia and Beatrice Manzares, her fellow captives.

"And ye, whom I perceive to be the countrywomen of this contumacious slave, are ye of a like spirit?"

They looked in great embarrasment from the Pacha to Camilla, and remained silent.

'How,' exclaimed Achmet, angrily, "when I speak to the meanest of my slaves, am I not deemed worthy of a reply?

"My cousins do not understand the odious jargon in which you address them, and are, therefore, unable to appreciate your courteous and obliging speeches," replied Camilla, drily.

"How comes it, then, that you not only comprehend every word that I say, but are so ready with your provoking replies!"

"Because I have labored indefatigably to attain fluency in the Turkish language while in captivity."

"And what, my princess, might be your motive for taking so much trouble!"

"Merely that I might have the satisfaction of speaking my mind on occasion," replied Camilla, with the sauciest glance imaginable.

"it must be owned that you have enjoyed that pleasure very fully to-night," said the Pacha, laughing. "But did you ever reply to Suli Bey in this daring manner!"

"He never gave me an opportunity by pestering me with his conversation and company."

"How then did he comport himself?"

"Positively, I am weary of your eternal questions, and I will answer you no more to-night."

"Am I not your master, wayward thing? Can I not force you to do anything I choose!"

"No, you cannot make me talk, unless it pleases me. My head aches with the uproar you have made in battering the Dervent about our ears, and I am fatigued with your conversation. I wish you would leave me and attend to those ladies who are taking such pains to attract your notice!"

"Oh, Prophet! is it come to this? Is the conqueror of the warlike Suli Bey dictated to by one of his slaves!"

"More extraordinary things than that happen every day, mighty Pacha," replied Camilla with the utmost composure.

"Do not think, perverse one, that your charms are to excuse your impertinence.—Most of these fair Circassians are more beautiful than yourself, yet they extol me above all the heroes of the east, and rejoice in the good fortune that has transfered them from Suli Bey to Achmet."

"And did you believe one word they said!"

"Why should I not?" demanded Achmet, much mortified.

"Do you think the ladies of your harem could be sincere in praising and carressing a man who had murdered you an hour before!" said Camilla.

"Mighty Prophet! no; but is there no difference between Suli Bey and Achmet!"

"Yes—a very great difference: Suli Bey was a much handsomer man," said Camilla, with a provoking smile.

"This is past bearing," exclaimed Achmet, stamping; "I will teach you that you have a master!" So saying he withdrew, darting at her an angry glance.

"Ah, imprudent Camilla! what have you been saying to put that terrible Turkey man in such a fury!" cried Antonia in great alarm. "Though I could not understand a word of your conversation, I know by the sparkling of your eyes that you were exasperating him and trembled lest you should go too far. How could you venture to coquet with Achmet after the fate of Suli Bey? (who was, by the by just such another tiger as himself.) For my part, I felt as if I were being strangled all the time Achmet stood so near us."

"I expect nothing less than that he will cause you to be sewn up in a sack, and thrown into the river," cried Beatrice, weeping.

"Never fear, my gentle coz, this bloody minded Pacha will do us no harm, though I doubt not he will attempt to frighten me into submission.

"Dearest Camilla, I tremble for you. Oh, what a sad, sad day it was, that threw us into the hands of that villainous corsair."

"Who sold us to Suli Bey with as little remorse as if we had been three pullets," answered Camilla. "Come," continued she, "cheer you, dear Beatrice. I will venture to pledge my word that through my means you will be restored to your native country and to Henriquez, and Antonia to Diego."

"Fine things to be effected by a damsel in your predicament!" sobbed Beatrice, weeping and hanging about Camilla, as Puffim approached to separate her from them.

"Courage! sweet cousins, fear not for me—I have no fears for myself," said she, embracing them, "and now my good old soul! whither are you going to take me?" continued she, as Puffim proceeded to lead her from the apartment.

Puffim rolled his eyes till only the whites were visible, as he replied, "Where I would not go for all the pearls in Lalla Oella's necklace. But if you offend my lord, it is meet you take the consequence."

Camilla, who expected something terrible from this prelude, was not so much shocked as Puffin expected, on being conducted into a gloomy, vaulted chamber, lighted by a small grating near the roof, and containing no other furniture than a wretched sofa. Puffim pointed to a pitcher of water and a platter of rice which was placed in a corner, and withdrew.

During Camilla's imprisonment it was in vain that Achmet sought the society of the ladies of his harem. The spirited and charming Castilian had made an impression on his heart and fancy that he never before experienced; restless and discontented, he could know no happiness but in the presence of her who had captivated him. At the end of the third day he could not forbear visiting her. As he approached her cell, he heard her singing, in a voice of touching melody, one of the exquisite airs of her native land. The lovely captive raised her eyes as Achmet entered, and her check flushed with a bright vermillion as he approached her.

"Suli Bey was a man of a liberal temper compared to you," said she, pointing to the pitcher and rice.

Achmet's brow darkened—"Always Suli Bey!" cried he, angrily: "I could find it in my heart to send you to follow that accursed dead dog."

"Nay, mighty Pacha, that is a little further than your power extends. You may follow him yourself, peradventure; but I, as a good Christian hope to go to a very different place from that which I trust is prepared for such wretched misbelievers as Suli Bey and you."

"I see your intemperance of speech is nowise tamed," said the Pacha, "nevertheless I will forgive all your perverseness if you will sing me that sweet song once more."

"The prisoned bird doth oft-times sing, it is true, but never at the bidding of its jailor," replied Camilla looking up between smiles and tears.

The Pacha felt the magic of her smile, and the power of her tears; but he knew not how to dismiss the tone of mastership when speaking to a woman.

"Come, my Peri," he said, "it is my pleasure that you follow me to the banquet—nay, it is useless offering resistance to my will."

He, then, with a sort of gentle violence, drew her from the darksome cell, into an apartment richly carpeted, glittering with eastern magnificence, and fragrant with burning spices, flowers and essences.

"Come, my princess, let us eat, drink, and be merry," said the Pacha, placing her beside him on an embroidered sofa, opposite to the banquet.

"I shall neither eat nor drink, for it is the vigil of St. Peter: nor am I disposed to sing or be merry," returned Camilla.

"Do you forget that I can force you to do as I command you!" returned Achmet, frowning.

"No: you can neither force me to sing, nor to be merry, but I will tell you what you can do—you can order your Aga and black slaves to put a bowstring about my neck, and strangle me as they did poor Suli Bey."

"Suli Bey, again!" exclaimed the Pacha furiously—"answer me one question—did you love that wretched rebel?"

"No, I did not."

"Why, then, do you torment me with his name?"

"Because he is frequently in my thoughts."

"The other ladies of the harem have forgotten him, and I have succeeded to their love."

"Love call you it!" exclaimed Camilla: "slaves that they are in mind, as in person—they know not the meaning of the word!"

"Perhaps I am as ignorant of your sort of love as you seem to consider my women," repliied Achmet, thoughfully.

"Oh! I doubt not, I never heard of a Turk who had the least idea of what love meant."

"You shall tell me, then, fair creature, what it signifies according to your ideas."

"It is," said Camilla, raising her bewitching eyes to his, "an interest so absorbing, that a lover will always prefer the happiness of his beloved to his own. All passions are swallowed up in this one engrossing emotion. He exists but for the happiness of loving, and would prefer dying with her to living without her."

"I certainly never have been loved after this fashion," said the Pacha, after a long pause: "yet, nothing less will content me now. And you, Camilla—have you a lover in your own country?"

"Oh, many."

"One that you love thus?"

"No, I have not."

"I fear you are deceiving me."

"Holy Virgin! what a man is this that will not be satisfied with sincerity and plain dealing."

"Nay, Camilla, if you loved me"—

"My good Pacha, you must not flatter yourself into such a supposition. What title have you to my love?"

"I will strive to deserve it. I will restore your cousins to their liberty."

"For which I shall feel most grateful. But it is not one compliance, or two, or even twenty, that will entitle a man to my love."

"Oh, that you would teach me how to obtain it?" said Achmet, passionately.

"Come, I will encourage you a little; you are behaving pretty well, at present. Yesterday I detested your very name—to-day you are almost endurable; and if you wish to leave an agreeable impression, you will permit me to retire."

"No, I cannot part with you, beautiful Camilla; you shall stay and enchant me with your presence."

"I shall do no such thing. If you force me to remain against my will, I shall say very disobliging things, and then we shall quarrel."

"Go, then, my Peri: but in your dreams to-night, remember your adoring Achmet."

"I hope, if I dream at all to be favored with a sweet vision of my native land, and return in slumber to the fair hills of Castile."

"Is your country, then, so dear to you?" asked Achmet, mournfully.

"My country!" said Camilla, her lovely eyes suffusing with tears, as the thought of home passed over her mind—"and shall I never behold your orange groves again, nor hear the rush of your mighty streams, but die like a transplanted flower in a foreign soil!"

Such scenes as these were of daily recurrence during the time that preparations were making for the departure of Antonia and Beatrice; sometimes they did not end so peaceably.

"It is I that am the slave," would Achmet say, when the fair Spaniard made him feel, too severely, the chains that bound him—"the slave of your caprices, Camilla. Would that I had never seen you."

"Surely, Achmet, that was my misfortune, since I have not the slightest wish to become the victim of the lawless traffic in women that prevails in this disgusting country."

"By Mahomet, you never open your lips but with the design of saying something vexatious. Till I saw you, I was happy; but you have made me the most miserable of men. I am wretched when absent from you; and when I am near you, your whole study is to torment me."

At other times Achmet would sit in Camilla's apartment, listening to her goitar—his whole soul entranced in the pleasure of hearing and seeing her. One day when he was thus occupied, Beatrice and Antonia, entered, to bid farewell, as all things were ready for their departure.

When they offered their thanks to Achmet, he said, "Your gratitude is due to Camilla, who, when she might have used her boundless influence over me to obtain her own liberty, preferred making you happy."

"Because my love for them prevailed over every selfish consideration," said Camilla, with a significant glance.

"Ah Camilla, I understand your allusion. Go; you are free. Return to Spain—that beloved country which you prefer to Achmet."

His voice faltered as he spoke—Camilla looked up, their eyes met—they both burst into tears.

"Ah!" exclaimed Beatrice, "you love one another: wherefore, then should you part!"

The Pacha threw himself at Camilla's feet.

"Light of my eyes, will you leave me?"

"Achmet, I cannot share a divided heart."

"I swear to you, by Allah, that my harem shall be dismissed, and you shall be my only wife."

"Ah, Achmet, there is another thought," said Camilla, weeping; "you are a follower of the False Prophet, and I am a believer in the only faith whereby we may have eternal life."

"Camilla, you speak dark things, and hard to be understood; but only promise to be mine and I will hear you patiently on these matters; and if convinced, I will not cling to error."

It may be easily imagined, that Beatrice and Antonia departed for Spain without Camilla, who became Achmet Pacha's bride: and who, ere long, had the happiness of informing her cousins, by letter, that he had become a secret, but decided proselyte to Christianity.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure, contentment: the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease is sleep, and the greatest medicine, a true friend.

POLITENESS.—Volunteering to carry the parasol of a lady who has hold of your arm, and holding it over your own head.

"I'll be darned if I have," as the stocking said when told it had hole in it.

"I always run best when I'm tired," as the wheel said.

"There's no getting over you," as Paddy said to the turnpike.

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

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A NIGHT UPON THE ALEGANIES.

FROM THE BLOTTER OF P. PICKLE, JR., ACCOUNTANT.

Lazyly enough had the dull canal boat been dragged along the valley of Susquehannah and of Juniata to the foot of the Aleganies. There is something insufferably tedious in the snail like progress of these boats, yet we have been passing through a region of such surpassing wilderness and romance during the last day or two, that it seemed as though, instead of three miles an hour, we had been dashing ahead with railroad velocity. It is notorious that in variety, beauty and grandeur there is no scenery in the United States which excells that of the Juniata valley. Nature has lavished upon it her richest and choicest bounties. It was nearly night when we arrived at Hollidaysburg, and were transferred from the boat to the rail-road car, and then commenced the ascent of the Aleganies. The mighty agent, steam, brought under complete subjection, and made the humblest servant of man, dragged us rapidly towards the summit of the "heaven-kissing hills." The sun had sunk behind the broad plain of woods spread out to the West, as we reached the end of the several inclining planes, and found ourselves upon the top of the vast chain of mountains which divide the United States, from the lakes of the North to the gulf of the South. It was, of course, too late to ascend the western side; the perilous mode of conveyance requiring daylight as well as extraordinary caution. So we were compelled to take up our quarters for the night somewhat nearer to the clouds than we might reasonably expect to be again. In a brief space a very good supper was upon the table, and in a much briefer space it was disposed of by as hungry a set of travellers as ever bargained for a meal.

There were among those who composed the party four young men who together had undertaken to seek their fortune in the "Far West." Sanguine and full of hope they had left the graves of their fathers behind them to carve out for themselves a new home in the wilderness—careless of every thing save present enjoyment, until wider scope should be given to their energies, they seated themselves after supper to enjoy a game of cards. For a while they contented themselves with playing for amusement, but as the game went on, some casual taunt, good naturedly given and received among friends, gave rise to feelings of emulation, and ere an hour had passed away, another game—the game of gamblers—had been substituted, and they were fiercely engaged in a contest of gain. The scene was like all scenes of the kind, too common to require or even admit of description. To keep up the excitement resort was now and then had to the stimulous of drinking and the worst and most unhallowed passion of their nature were deeply enlisted in their labor. As the spirit mounted into their brains, mixed with the base emotions excited by play, they became morose, irritable, captious or quarrelsome, as their several dispositions dictated. In that half-drunken party at midnight, scowling in anger, or laughing in bitter scorn over the gameing table, scarcely exhibiting a single generous, manly feeling, it would have been difficult to recognize four early attached, warm hearted friends.

* * * *

"That pool is mine, easy."

"Yes, Fred that is your's; are you sure that you have not too many cards?"

"Just as many as you have, my good fellow, no more."

"Of course you beat me replied the other; but at the same instant he commenced counting the cards. The work was rapidly accomplished, and he grew pale as he dashed them upon the table, exclaiming, "there are but fifty there—two missing." He felt that in his manner if not his words, he was accusing his companion of mean and unworthy conduct, and the others felt likewise.

"And what do you say has become of the ballance?"

"That is more than I can tell," and he stopped to look beneath the table—at the same moment the other rose to his feet, and the missing cards fell from his lap to the floor. He picked them up and laid them upon the table.

"I suppose you imagine I had secreted them, Charles," said he, bitterly.

"The act speaks for itself, sir."

"By Heavens! you don't intend to intimate that"—

"I simply say, Fred, that the man who cheats his friend at a card table is a contemptible scoundrel,"—and he left the room. As he stepped into the air there were feelings strugling in his bosom he had never known before; if he could have thrown himself at that instant from a precipice, and dashed his body to atoms, he would have done it. Fred and himself was almost literally brothers: his own sister better loved than all earth beside, was the betrothed of his friend, and moreover had grown up companions from childhood. For the first time they had quarrelled. As she looked upon the quiet skies and the stars and moon, so calm and cold in their brilliancy, and felt the refreshing night air fanning his burning cheeks, it seemed to him as though he had escaped the damned. All traces of intoxication had vanished—he was painfully sober; and vague doubts of the justice of his conduct crossed his mind. 'Was it possible that he had acted with undue haste? had he not accused his friend upon slight nay, almost ridiculous evidence? He had known him since they had gathered butter-cups together upon the hill-side in the very spring time of existence, and never within his knowledge had that friend been guilty of a wrong action, for he was frank, generous and noble in all his impulses, and though reckless and wild, still firm and steadfast in honor. In his heart he felt that he had been guilty of a blistering lie, and he would have given worlds to have blotted from memory the last few hours of existence—sleep he could not until he had atoned for the wrong.

The outlines of the trees grew more and more distinct in the increasing light of morning, finding him still, keeping his weary vigil. Nor had his friend risen from his bed refreshed by calm and peaceful slumber. He had tossed uneasily until the dawning of day, and he came forth as haggard and unhappy as the other. Suddenly they met—they could scarcely pass by in silence.

"I am glad we meet now, Charles; we can never be friends—but we will agree never to be enemies. At Pittsburg we will separate forever. You applied language to me last night, which comeing from any other lips, would have been resentnd in an instant by a blow, were I senseless in drunkenness, I never could forget that you are the brother of Jane, long enough to raise my hand to strike. I can forgive but never forget—we speak to each other now for the last time. You know the reason why resentment is forgotten, and every feeling of anger annihilated in my bosom."

The tears came into the eyes of the other as he said, "It did not need this, Fred to assure me that I was a fool; call me a drunkard a fool and a blackguard if you choose but don't believe that I could say a wrong word to you, save when a power stronger than my own reason held command of my faculties. I was mad—four hours I have been wrestling with my pride to come to you and say so—let us forget it all Fred."

And again they were friends, and on that spot they entered into a solemn resolve to avoid the folly and crime of the bowl, and more than all, to shun the pollution of the gaming table as they would pestilence, and famine. Years afterward, when prosperity had crowned their effort, they stood high in the world's esteem, they looked back upon the past and thanked the Almighty for the salutary influence of THE NIGHT PASSED ON THE ALEGANIES.

WOMAN.

Woman! truly she is a miracle. Place her amid flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and sometimes of folly—annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing; ready to faint at the sight of a beetle. The zephyrs are too rough, the showers are too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rose bud. But let real calamity come to rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then. How her heart strengthens itself—how strong its purpose. Place her in the heart of battle, give her a child, a bird, any thing she loves or pities, to protect, and see her, as in a recorded instance, raising her white arms as a shield, and as her own blood crimsons her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the hopeless.—Transplant her into the dark places of the earth, awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes healing, her presence a blessing, she disputes the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted.—Misfortune daunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, or goes forward to the scaffold with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud of imprisoned odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, or untried in the furnace.—In short, a woman is a miracle, a mystery.

PHILOSOPHICAL ANALYSIS OF DANCING.—The sum and substance of the matter seems to be only this: "A party of ladies and gentlemen (who elsewhere passed for rational and intelligent beings) assembled at the ball-room. They soon array themselves in opposing lines. Presently a young lady jumps up from the floor, shakes one foot and comes down again. Again she springs up and the other foot quivers. Then she turns round in her place, springs up, and shakes both her feet. Her intelligent partner opposite performs the same operations. Then both rush forward and seize each other's hand, jump again, shake their feet and stand still. The next lady and gentleman very rationally and soberly follow the example just set before them, jumping, shaking and turning, and so on to the end, and for no other reason than because black Cuffee sits in one corner yonder, drawing a horse hair across a cat-gut."

Real men and women never sneer at mechanics and operatives. But self-styled gentlemen and ladies not unfrequently do. We have heard of a lady who once left a ball room because a mechanic entered. She married a basket-maker, and died a wash-woman.

The following is said to be the origin of nine tailors making a man. A beggar stopped at a shop where nine tailors were at work, and craved charity of them; each contributed his mite, and presented the beggar with the sum total. The beggar thanked them for their kindness, and said they had made a man of him.

MECHANICS.—If there is any situation in life truly honorable, it is that of an industrious mechanic who, by his own exertions, has established a respectable place in society; who, commenced in poverty, by his skill and perseverence overcomes every obstacle, vanquishes every prejudice, and builds up for himself a reputation whose value is enhanced to others. And let it be remembered that this situation is attainable to all who have health and a practical knowledge of their business. Industry and virtuous ambition are seldom exerted without producing the happiest results.

An epitaph on a negro baby at Savannah, begins, "sweet blighted LILLY."